

Puck

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REPUBLICAN
FAT-FRYING
KITCHEN.



THE NEW COOK IN THE REPUBLICAN KITCHEN.

EX-COOK QUAY to EX-COOK DORSEY.—He's no man for the job—it takes fellows like us to do the business!



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 25th, 1892. — No. 807.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. & MRS. COMFORTABLE GOODMAN, MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

I want to have a little talk with you on the question of the propriety of closing the World's Fair on Sunday, for I hear that you have expressed an opinion that it ought to be closed. Now, I do not consider you either hypocrites nor bigots because you differ with me on this subject, any more, I hope, than you consider me an atheist or a foe to religion because I differ with you. But I do think that you are somewhat thoughtlessly following the lead of certain unwise and unjust people in this matter, and I wish to see if I can not make you think so, too.

I think you make a mistake in applying to others the standard of your own well-ordered, reasonable and cheerful lives. To you, I can well understand, it seems very simple and natural *not* to go to the World's Fair on Sunday. You do not wish to spend the day that way; you prefer to spend it in your own way, and your own way, no doubt, is very reasonable and pleasant. When your time is not otherwise occupied, you read, you talk, you think; and you get pleasure out of all these things. But how would it be if you got pleasure out of none of them—or not enough pleasure, at the most, to make one hour pass agreeably? Well, that is just about the case of the majority whom you would shut out of the Fair on Sunday—for you must remember that in a miscellaneous crowd, such as you will see at Chicago next year, for one worthy and well-educated person of your sort there will be ten worthy but ill-educated people of various sorts. I say “ill-educated,” for I know no better word to designate the hundreds of thousands of working-people who have had to struggle so hard to learn life's necessities that they are practically ignorant of life's beauties. Such people form the staple of all big pleasure-seeking crowds; for what may be called public pleasures—shows and feasts and games and plays and processions and parades—make up to them the sum of enjoyment. They know nothing of the thousand and one delights of refinement and cultivation which make life cheerful to you at its dullest.

They read very little or not at all. Reading is to them something of a task. They have nothing interesting to say to each other; and if they did have, few possess the art of saying it. They have no resources within themselves, and their inventive faculties have never been exercised in originating means of enjoyment. They are perfectly willing to be amused with innocent recreations, but their pleasures must be provided for them, and they must be such pleasures as appeal to their tastes and capacities. They have learned to work a great deal, and to play very little. Stop their work, and deny to them the only kind of play they know or care about, and you reduce them to a barren, dreary, exasperating, maddening idleness which is, in truth, the very mother of mischief. It brutalizes the mind and the heart. It drugs self-respect and conscience. And if you don't know this, somebody else does—the purveyor of pleasures which are *not* innocent—the agent of vice who works three-hundred-and-sixty-five days in the year, and whose busy day is Sunday.

Please bear in mind that the people in whose behalf I am speaking are not vicious or stupid or ignorant. But they have to work so hard that they have never had time to learn to enjoy themselves, except in certain simple popular ways. They enjoy sports and shows, and they get, in the ordinary course of things, very little of either. We ought to be very careful how we deprive them of any of what they *do* get; even though justice to them involves the admission that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath—an idea which, after all, has the sanction of One who lived and labored among just such hard-working people. Let us remember that for these folk a trip to the Fair at Chicago is what a journey around the world would be for you. It is, for many of them, the event of a lifetime; and for almost all is a too-brief period of enjoyment, dearly bought by careful savings and small economies, long looked forward to, and long, long, long to be remembered. They will go home to many a Sunday wherein they will have no other enjoyment than physical rest. Let us not, on the one Sunday of their poor outing-time, condemn them to an idleness which is not only a passive infliction, but an active temptation to substitute, for the innocent pleasure that is forbidden, the evil pleasure which is always accessible, in spite of the best efforts of law and religion.

You can remember the result of the Sunday closing of the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876—the drunkenness and debauchery that came of making thousands of people swelter, unoccupied and discontented, through those hot Summer Sundays. And if that happened in Philadelphia—an interesting old city situated on a fine river, surrounded by delightful suburbs and a most gracious and alluring country, with New York only three hours away, and the sea coast still nearer—what will be the state of things in Chicago? For Chicago has none of the natural attractions of Philadelphia. Indeed, the great wonder of Chicago is that so large a town has grown up on a site that does not possess a single physical advantage—except in the sense of commercial convenience. The country around Chicago offers few suburban allurements. And Chicago itself is something like these hard-working people—it has been too busy with the hard work of life to think much of pleasure until very recent years. In point of fact, it is a business city, built for business; and everything in it is subordinated to that end. It is a city of tall buildings, and consequently of dark streets. It is a city to work, not to loaf in. It has no suburb like Coney Island to offer a cheap summer-resort for the million. It has certainly a superb water front and a remarkable park system, but no more than is needed now for its thronging multitudes. When you consider these facts, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, I do not think you will be unwilling to admit that if Sunday proved a trying day to the stranger in Philadelphia in 1876, it is likely to prove even more trying to the stranger in Chicago in 1893. In few great cities is Sunday a pleasant day to the lonely and inexperienced visitor. A hired lodging is an unhomelike place at best—when it is a poor man's lodging it is generally uncomfortable into the bargain. It is pretty hard lines on a man whose choice lies between such an apartment and the strange, hot, Sunday-closed streets of a great brick-and-mortar town in Midsummer.

I have no doubt, my dear Mrs. Goodman, that you or your estimable husband could tell me just what the holidaying crowds who may get caught in Chicago over Sunday *ought* to do. But the trouble is, you see, they are human beings, and that is just what they *won't* do, most of the time. Whether it's right or wrong, or wise or foolish, the most of these people will most certainly and surely go out into the streets and wander around, and try to find a “good time.” Now there is one kind of a “good time” which they can get up at the Fair-grounds, which will hurt no man, woman or child of them all; which will help to brighten their lives and to increase them in wisdom. There is another kind of “good time” which will be offered them on the streets and in the dark places of the city, and which would be offered in any great town on any such occasion, even if the municipality had the best police force in the world and the biggest at the same time, and which will be offered so long as human greed and passion exist, and so long as the victim of vice is also an accomplice. What this sort of “good time” can do for the mortal body and the immortal soul, you know, my good friends, at least by hearsay. Do you really think it is worth while to put thousands of men and women in such jeopardy just to save them from the sin of seeing an interesting exhibition on Sunday?

Of course I know that when you go to Chicago you will not visit the Fair on Sunday. When you come home from church you will sit in your room and read, or talk to each other. But, if you look out of the window and see the thousands of people in the streets, I think your conscience will be the lighter for it if you see that they are heading for the World's Fair, and not for—Where, Mr. and Mrs. Comfortable Goodman?

Won't you think about it, and oblige

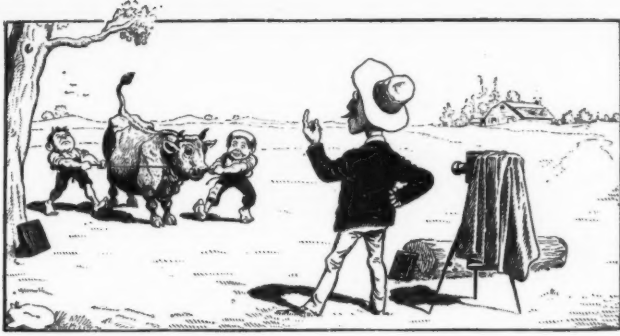
yours sincerely, PUCK.



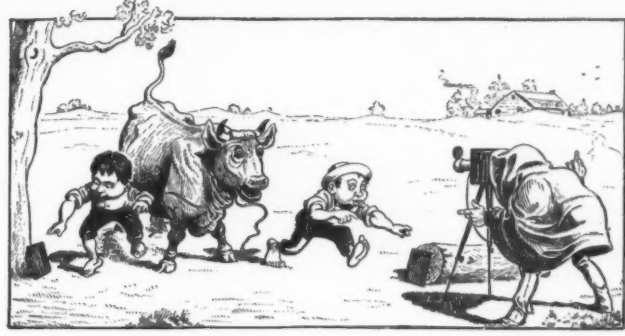
“CAN YOU SPEAK?”

(With apologies to the original work of art.)

TWO TOO OBEDIENT ASSISTANTS.



PHOTOGRAPHER.—Bring him up a little closer.



PHOTOGRAPHER.—Hi, there! One of you hand me one of those plates, quick!

ONLY A SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

ELDER BERRY.—Joblots strikes me as a good deal of a crank.

DR. THIRDLY.—What has he been saying now?

ELDER BERRY.—He thinks there would be more general interest in the church if we had a change of text books.

A CHICAGO ZEPHYR.

MRS. JACKSON PARKE.—Do you remember the great fire?

MRS. HOPPIN.—I should say I did! and the fire sales that followed.

PURELY SUBJECTIVE.

MR. HUCKLEBERRY.—No one admires me.

MISS WALLFLOWER.—No one admires me, either.

MR. HUCKLEBERRY.—We had better organize a mutual admiration society. I admire your eyes. What do you admire about me?

MISS WALLFLOWER.—Your good taste.

NOT TO HER TASTE.

"I have a family tree," he plead,

"To aid me in my suit."

"Perhaps you have," the maiden said;

"But I don't like its fruit."



ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

ACQUAINTANCE.—So your son has hung out his shingle as a doctor—has he any patients yet?

PROUD PARENT.—Not yet—but he has raised a beard and bought a pair of eye-glasses!



!!!!!!!

DID AS HE PLEASED.

KICKWOOD (to his old classmate, whom he has met by chance).—Come right into the house, old man. Here's the bottle. Have a drink.

BUNKER.—Does your wife let you drink?

KICKWOOD.—Why, of course! Have a cigar, won't you?

BUNKER.—Thanks. Does your wife (puff) allow you to smoke (puff, puff) in the house?

KICKWOOD.—Certainly! We'll have dinner, and, then, we'll go around to the club and meet some of the boys.

BUNKER.—Does your wife let you go to the club?

KICKWOOD.—Why, of course!

BUNKER.—Um—where is your wife?

KICKWOOD.—She is visiting relatives in the country.

A CHAIR WORTH HAVING.

VAN WICKER.—I called on a girl the other night, and sat down on a chair that immediately begun playing a tune.

CLUBBERLY.—You don't say! What was the tune?

VAN WICKER.—Home, sweet home.

AN ENDORSEMENT.

Old Hayseed is a simple wight,
Quite far, indeed, from being sage.
I think that man was very right
Who said his was "a green old age."

OF DIFFERENT TASTES.

JOKEM (gloomily).—I can't see why I never can write anything that will please you!

EDITOR (cheerfully).—Very likely it's because I never can make a decision that pleases you.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

HEAD OF FIRM.—Have you any excuse for missing the train this morning, sir?

PENWIPER (a suburbanite).—Yes, sir. I came in with my wife.

A DRY-GOODS GENIUS.

CLERK.—How shall I mark these goods?

OLD TAPEYARD.—Just figure out fifty per cent. profit and add seven odd cents, so the women will think it's a bargain.

MR. DAMROSCH.—My dear, suppose we have a sonata from Beethoven?

MRS. DAMROSCH.—The baby is cross, and likely to cry at any moment.

MR. DAMROSCH.—Very well, then; I'll play something from Wagner.

SHE.—Oh, Charley! that mosquito has come from your hand to mine.

HE.—Aw—beautiful thought! that your blood and mine—aw—mingles in the same mosquito.

WING.—What makes you so sure Shakspeare never wrote the plays attributed to him?

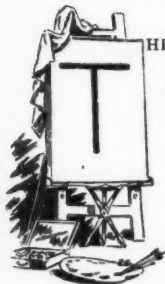
FLIES.—Because Shakspeare was an actor; and his ghosts walk altogether too successfully for an actor to have had anything to do with them.





(Begun in Puck, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

THE STORY OF THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.



THE MILLIONAIRE of Pea Pack and his family were so highly delighted with the gentle manner of the Conscientious Plumber, that they agreed that if he were only presentable they would have asked him into the dining-room. But, if they did not feel that such an act of courtesy would be consistent with the dignity of the establishment, they proved the sincerity of their admiration by sending the Conscientious Plumber an aromatic Havana cigar to enjoy with his *café noir*.

Having hurried through their dinner, they returned to the piazza to hear the story of the Portrait Painter, and begged the Conscientious Plumber to proceed with the narrative.

"Having reduced the wood-pile to pieces of a proper length to fit the kitchen stove, the Portrait Painter came around and deposited himself on the topmost step of the piazza, and entertained us with a history of his eventful past. He was born in Mendham, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to a wood-engraver, a man of little artistic skill and less artistic conscience. Having a natural love of art, the Portrait Painter set to work to penetrate the mysteries of wood-engraving with a will, and thanked his stars that his lot had not been cast upon the wild, uncertain sea of commercial life.

"He had a pretty hard time of it, because the foul art of the artist was invariably overlooked, and the bad qualities of his picture attributed to the wood-engraver, who was always regarded as the destroyer of a masterpiece. From mechanical drawings he was put upon coarse portrait work; and, one day, while engaged upon the picture of a Hunterdon County murderer, to be used as a reward poster, the instrument slipped, and he took both eyes out of the homicide, and completely ruined the drawing, the only value of which consisted in the resemblance it bore to the original. In utter despair the Portrait Painter dropped his instrument and fled, before his employer could discover the damage he had done. Fearing that his father might fall upon and beat him, and discourse a deep sympathy for the wood-engraver, he arrived at the conclusion that Newark, where the family was then living, was not sufficiently capacious for him. So, with a few articles of wearing apparel, he set his face to the West, starting forth with a heart full of hope and courage.

"He had not journeyed a very great distance, when he came upon a brother artist who was at work upon the roadside painting the advertisement of a patent medicine upon a projecting rock. At each

end of the magic word which was the name of the panacea, he painted the portrait of the maker, who had a Homeric head and Titan whiskers. As he looked upon the itinerant artist, the soul of the young man was stirred to its utmost depths; and, without further ado, he stepped up to the painter and told him the story of his misfortunes, only adding, when he had concluded:

"I should like to be a portrait painter."

"It is very simple," replied the artist; "when you start as I did, with a stencil. There will be big business in this line shortly, as a political campaign is about to be opened, and each banner will require a number of portraits. When you learn the lines of a portrait by heart, which you do just as you learn those of a verse, it is really very simple. If you like, you may accompany me to New York, and I will introduce you to my old employer and will put you in the way of rising in the artistic firmament."

"The young man was, of course, delighted beyond description, and could only feebly express the deep gratitude that thrilled him to the very core, and —"

"Excuse me," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack, "for interrupting you; but I notice that that cigar is singing your moustache; have a fresh one."

The Conscientious Plumber accepted the proffered weed; and, while he was lighting it, the beautiful Anita stepped into the hall, and brought a chair, which she offered him, at the same time expressing a fear that he might catch cold sitting on the stone steps. She smiled softly as she made this observation, and the Conscientious Plumber was thrilled with pleasure as he continued:

"So the young man who had abandoned the profession of wood-engraving, set out with the advertising artist, who, so to speak, painted his way out to Hackettstown and back to New York. He then and there introduced his young friend to a former patron, who kept a picture store, in the loft over which he had some fifty artists employed at painting landscapes and marines, which he daily shipped to the far West by the gross.

"In this store the Portrait Painter made great progress. One day he would paint the clouds in all the pictures, and another day he would paint all the cascades, or foliage, as the case might be. He also painted portraits very successfully upon banners and transparencies, until he was regarded as one of the most valuable men in the establishment. When he was making money hand-over-fist, his troubles began. He invested his all, several hard-earned thousands, in Western farm mortgages, guaranteeing eight per cent. —"

"He might as well have put it in the fire," broke in the Millionaire of Peapack.

"Indeed he might," continued the Conscientious Plumber; "inasmuch as he lost his entire principal. While endeavoring to mend his shattered fortunes, and while all seemed to be going well with him, and the outlook was bright and auspicious, (for he was not then more than three-and-thirty,) a woman came into the store one day and imagined he was her husband, who had been dead five years. She must have been crazy, for no argument was then sufficient to make her believe that her husband was really dead. To make a long story short, she bothered and annoyed the Portrait Painter to such an extent, that he was obliged to leave the city."

"How did she annoy him?" asked Anita with a pleasant smile, as she shifted the dainty mandolin which lay in her lap.

"In every possible way," replied the Conscientious Plumber. "She would write him long letters, accusing him of all sorts of cruel things. Then she would linger in the vicinity of the store, and meet him night and morning; and, one day, she embraced him on the street, and created a most pathetic scene."

At this juncture of the story, the Conscientious Plumber was interrupted by a servant, who appeared with a tray containing several glasses of vichy lemonade and a plate of Albert biscuits. The Conscientious Plumber partook of the proffered refreshment in a manner that combined swiftness with grace, and continued in his lightest and airiest style:



"It was then that the Portrait Painter folded his easel and brushes, and started for New Jersey, upon a portrait painting tour. It was his custom to engage rooms at a country tavern, and to send out circulars. As he had been known among his professional brethren in New York as the champion fifteen-minute portrait painter, it will be unnecessary for me to comment upon his



swiftness and dexterity with the brush. He would frequently paint a farmer while the latter waited; or, more correctly speaking, while he sat. He sometimes painted the full-length portrait of a ruralite, long deceased, from a half-length photograph, as the family would bring a pair of trousers and boots worn by the departed ancestor, to assist the artist in making the work at once faithful and realistic. If the Portrait Painter had only had the head for business that he had for art, he would have been an ornament to his profession. But, alas! he had not; and many of his most dire defeats were owing entirely to his lack of business tact.

"One day a lady brought her child, a pretty little flaxen-haired girl of six, to him to be painted. She was a city woman, spending the Summer months in that wild region, and was somewhat critical in her ideas of what constituted an artistic picture. She wanted her child painted in a certain position, and the Portrait Painter told her it would not be artistic. She persisted in having her idea carried out, and the artist acquainted her with the fact that such a picture would be a reflection upon his skill, and would shock any one endowed with a true sense of art. The woman was deeply offended at this, and took her daughter away without giving the poor Portrait Painter an order.

"In a day or two he had another prospective customer of precisely the same kind, except that she was not hypercritical. This woman also had a pretty little daughter, who was a picture in herself. When she spoke of an artistic pose, the Portrait Painter, remembering his former experience, determined, for once, to throw his conscience to the winds and to paint the little girl in any attitude that the loving mother might suggest."

"Now, how would you pose her?" asked the mother.

"I'll paint her in any position you may prefer," replied the Portrait Painter.

"Have n't you any ideas on the subject?" asked the mother.

"None at all, Madam, none at all; what pleases one displeases another, and if you will but name an attitude I will go ahead with the work."

"Thereupon, the woman flounced out of the room in great indignation, expressing her opinion freely that 'an artist who does n't know his business should lose no time in turning his attention to something else.' You will thus observe that the Portrait Painter was defeated alike when he was conscientious and when he was anything but conscientious. He was



always having just such ill-luck; but he thought the reddest of his red letter days had arrived when the acknowledged Queen of the Sussex County Stage came to sit for a portrait. Her right name was Abigail Tubbs; but, on the stage, she was known from one end of Sussex County to the other as Beatrice Florentine. She was an exquisite, gazelle-like creature, with violet eyes, mahogany-red hair and a most insinuating manner. She was ambitious, she told the Portrait Painter, whom she considered in the arcana of the profession, to go to Paris to pursue the study of her art, previously to appearing before the more critical audiences of Newton and Branchville.

"She had already taken Andover and Flanders by storm, and the critics of those centres of culture and refinement were lavish in their praises and did not hesitate to pronounce her the finest Camille in Northern New Jersey. She wanted some rich man to organize a company and to star her; and from the tone of the Portrait Painter, I fancy that she wanted him for a manager, and that he was smitten with her. This, however, he denied flatly, saying that he did not believe in the kind of life that is led by a couple when one is selling pumps on commission in New York and the other is playing in the Scuttle of Coal Company in Mankato.



"When he had almost finished the portrait of Beatrice Florentine as Ophelia, the hotel took fire and was burned to the ground, with all the Portrait Painter's effects. He was without a cent, and had to tramp through the country like an out-cast until he found shelter in my mother's house. My mother was so touched with the narrative of his troubles that she engaged him to paint all our pictures; and when he joined her a little later in her temperance work, she became deeply attached to him, and that Winter they were married. They had not been married more than three months before he induced her to transfer all her property to him, and shortly thereafter she died of typhoid fever. The Portrait Painter sold the property, and took the Sussex County Camille, whom he married, out on the road. She left him in San Francisco when his money was gone, and I became the homeless wanderer that you now see me."

"Outrageous, outrageous!" muttered the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "but that is what comes when a man transfers all his property to his wife, instead of allowing the law to make a just division among the heirs."

Anita was all sympathy, and her mother could say nothing, she was so overcome.

It was almost five o'clock, and the good-hearted Millionaire asked the Conscientious Plumber to remain with them for a time, and to give them a further history of his adventures after he was cast upon the world to shift for himself.

"But first I should like to tell you the story of my poor brother, the Barber, who was as unfortunate as he was good."

"We shall be only too happy to listen to it after dinner, as we sit here in the moonlight." And then, at the request of all, he played once more upon the mandolin, whose plaintive notes trembled sweetly in the Summer twilight.

(To be continued.)

AN ENGINE-MAN WANTS TO KNOW—

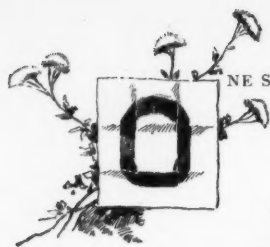


Why it is that a man will risk his life by rushing frantically across the track just in front of the lightning express—



—and will then turn around and calmly stand to watch the train go by?

THE CRITIC'S BOOMERANG.



ONE SUMMER TIME I sat me down
To write a novel light,
Which, when the leaves had turned to
brown,
Should greet the public's sight.

'T was published o'er a *nom de guerre*
Which no one could descry —
Save her with whom my woes I share,
And him 't was published by.

To-day I'm fully steeped in blue —
A blue that knows no truce —
They've sent it to me for review
With this: *Give it the deuce!*

HOTELS.

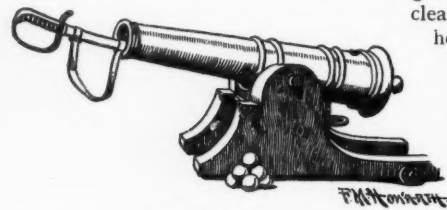
I AM ONE who is doomed to pass many days in hotels. I am in a hotel now. There is a great deal of marble flooring and glazed tiling about this hotel. In the dining-room there is a wainscoting of oak, and the walls and ceiling are decorated with soft-tinted landscapes and pictures of startled deer, and quail and fishes. In my chamber there is a soft carpet of a vivid red pattern on a ground of white; and the wall paper is a delicate sky-blue; the china-ware is brightly blue, with gilt tracery; and there is a complete "set" of pitchers, big and little, and mugs and soap dishes, as though it had just been taken out of a crockery store show-window. The cherry furniture shines with a polish that makes you afraid lest you get varnish on your trousers.

For supper to-night there were seven kinds of meat under the heading "Fried," besides the fish and pig's feet. There were nine different things headed "Broiled," four kinds of meat, and beans, headed "Cold." "Relishes," five kinds, including olive oil. "Eggs," eight styles; "Bread," all the kinds you can think of. Tea, Coffee, Buttermilk. The bill-of-fare, I should say, was printed by an amateur printer, and the cards bore the finger marks and the grease spots and coffee stains of a month of feasts. The waiters were bright colored men, who delighted to race with one another down the length of the dining-room, carrying heavily loaded trays. This had something to do with the way the dishes were served; — fried tripe, garnished with raspberries; poached eggs, coffee sauce; buttered toast smothered in mashed potato; tea, half-and-half, (half in the cup and half in the saucer,) — but it made the waiters cheerful, and cheerful company is sauce for any dish.

There was n't any towel in my room. I rang for one three times. I told the second boy that the first boy had not attended to my order; but that was satisfactorily explained. The first boy did n't know nothing.

This is a good hotel to stop at, for the bar is well stocked and under proper management. But when you have stopped, you want to go right on: it is not a good hotel to stay at. People who "kick" at this hotel (I do not do it) are considered chronic kickers by the management, and are treated with silent contempt.

Last week I was at a little hotel in a country town — what is called a one-horse hotel. They did n't have a printed bill-of-fare, even. There was just one waiter, and that one only a girl in a white dress; and all she did was to bring a clean, white plate, (the plates are all colored at this hotel,) and a clean, white bowl, full of yellow hasty pudding, and a clean, white quart pitcher, full of creamy milk, and a plate of white biscuit, and a cup of tea; and she set the cold chicken and the cold ham within reach, and then she just stood by the open window in the breeze and looked cool and contented, and — it was a pretty slim bill-of-fare, perhaps; but I'll be switched if I was n't contented, too.



"ARM IN ARM."

I visit other hotels. Some, like the one I am in now, are "first-class." Others, like the mush-and-milk place, are not classed at all. In seven out of ten "first-class" houses



NOT BUILT FOR IT.

MRS. LEANDER. — I should be ashamed to be seen in such a suit.
MR. LEANDER. — Well, I should think you would be!

there is a screw loose somewhere. In four out of five hotels not classed you wonder why things don't run more smoothly where everything is covered with grease. The other one out of five is a little oasis. It is a good place to stay at over Sunday, too; because everybody else "Sundays" at the first-class hotels.

Morris Waite.

A STRONG UPWARD TENDENCY — To the Roof Gardens.



GENEROSITY'S REWARD.

TOM BIGBEE. — My poor fellow — come up to my rooms this evening and I will give you a suit of clothes.



MRS. GOLDUST. — Are you sure that is the Mr. Thomas Bigbee we met at the Pier last year?

CARAMELLA GOLDUST. — I'm sure. And he has on the same suit of clothes he wore then. Who would have believed so nice a man could ever become so bloated and degraded-looking in one short year!

THE BANE OF POLITICS.

HOW IT CAUSED A COOLNESS BETWEEN MR. HOWSON LOTT AND MR. GARDNER TOOLE.



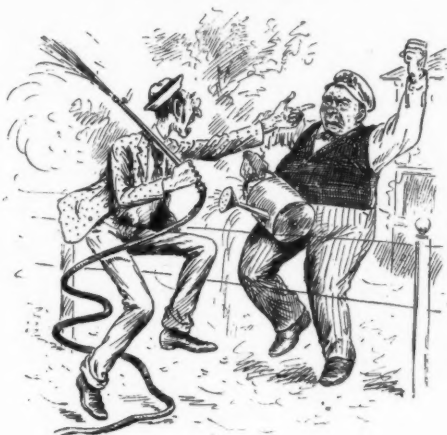
THE RECIPROCITY QUESTION.



THE PENSION QUESTION.



THE SILVER QUESTION.



THE FORCE BILL.



PROTECTION vs. FREE TRADE.



CLEVELAND vs. HARRISON.

TARIFF REFORM.

When Cleveland said it should be made,
Republicans howled: "Free Trade! Free Trade!"
(An old-time bugaboo.)

But when Harrison says it ought to be,
They applaud it as "Reciprocity."
(What is the difference between the two?)

ONTO HIM AT LAST.

BOMBINSKI.—Whom are you going to kill next?
REDFLAGSKI.—A man who tyrannizes over the laboring men.
BOMBINSKI.—Another capitalist, eh?
REDFLAGSKI.—No. A walking delegate.



"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."

AN OLYMPIAN CINCH.

MERCURY.—I tell you what, Proteus has a snap this weather!
APOLLO.—What is he doing?
MERCURY.—Floating in the ocean. As soon as he felt the hot wave coming on, he went and changed himself into an iceberg.

TO PEACEFUL MARS.

To be a god of many wars,
How calm you look, big, tranquil Mars!
And tranquil, if you would remain,
Keep at a distance from Earth's plane.
Don't wish a closer view to take,
Nor near acquaintance strive to make.
You're safer where you are, old man,
Than mixed with our terrestrial plan.
Take my advice—your path retrace
Into the peaceful realms of space;
Go back, go promptly back! Indeed,
Be good and glad you can recede
From envy, malice, slander, spite,
From selfish struggle—sordid fight;
For, listen! Bend your mighty ear:
This is our Presidential year!

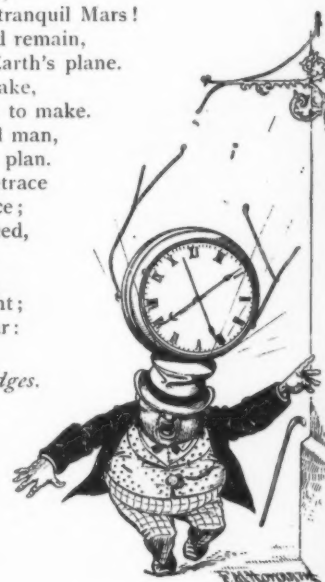
Madeline S. Bridges.

ANOTHER ADVOCATE.

OLD NICK.—I hope the World's
Fair will be closed on Sun-
days.

IMP.—Why, Sir?

OLD NICK.—What
would be the use of
our making a special
exhibit at Chicago, if
the people had no
chance to take it in?



"AND THE CLOCK
STRUCK ONE"

MILTON PROBABLY referred to the Summer Girl's
hat when he wrote: "The other shape, if shape
it might be call'd that shape had none."



C.J. Taylor.

AN UNHOLY AL
THE CONSPIRACY OF THE RICH BIGOT AND

PUCK.



ONLY ALLIANCE.

BIGOT AND THE CHICAGO DIVE-KEEPER.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York, N.Y.



AUGUSTUS got caught in a shower with his new straw hat;—

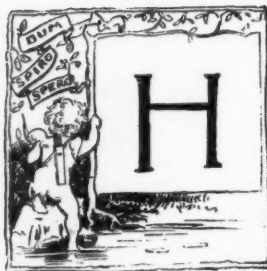


—But his sister CLARA had come in before it rained.



"A fair exchange is no robbery."

A CANINE EXPOSTULATION.



HE WAS a veritable "dog-about-town," a "club-dog;" a medium-sized *blasé* dog, with a shaggy, yellow coat. I met him one morning at breakfast in the Tenderloin restaurant, where he sat beside my chair and politely requested a chop.

At all attempts on the part of human beings to rub his head and call him "old fellow," he betrayed well-bred surprise; and, by his gentle, reserved dignity, evinced his polite aversion to such trivialities.

He would leave cold roast-beef any time, to run with a fire-engine. He was an ardent patron of all out-door sports, and witnessed all notable contests. Especially did he like base-ball, and his hoarse voice always went up with the shouts of the multitude after a fine play.

The second time I met him was at the stage-door of a theatre, where "Professor Dalmatian's Troupe of Canine Comedians" was performing. He confessed to me that he was interested in the star, a trim, little fox-terrier, who leaped over chairs, and whom he nightly escorted to her hotel. He said he had an invitation from several members of the troupe to pass next dog-days with them down at the seashore.

I accompanied him to a foot-ball game one day. He knew the game thoroughly, and explained many of its intricacies to me. As we left the grounds, I suggested that we walk awhile, as the cars were crowded. As we walked we discussed the game.

"I don't like foot-ball," I said. "After all is said about the science there is in it, it is sport beside which pugilism is a gentle and refined art. It is brutal."

He paused short in his walk, and shot up at me the most perfect expression of indignant, withering contempt I have ever seen.

"Brutal!" he spluttered; "BRUTAL! What set of brutes in your whole derved natural history would act as those maniacs did to-day?"

"I thought *you* had better sense than that. So you slander us as all the rest of humanity does, do you?"

I tried to appease him. "I said it without thinking, old boy. You see it's customary with us to call everything brutal that is savage, intemperate or cruel."

"Yes; I know it is," he interrupted; "but think what an injustice you do us. Did you ever know of a brute that was a drunkard or a glutton or a willful murderer, or one that was wantonly cruel, unless he had been trained to it by a human being? When a human gets the stomach-ache or cramp colic, does a dog run up and call it "mad" and shoot it?"

"You don't find any institutions for curing brutes of the liquor and morphine habits, do you? And yet you talk about 'leading a dog's life.'"

"Who keeps brutes pulling heavy stages, long after they are horse-chestnuts?"

"When a man gets drunk, cripples his children for life and murders his wife with an ax—or does other things atrociously human, you call him brutal. Really, your Mr. Webster ought to revise his dictionary. Did you ever know of a brute doing any of the things you call brutal? Did you ever —"

Here a greyhound appeared just across the street; and, almost before I knew it, my friend was upon its neck, clawing and chewing it in various places, and filling the air with growls of rage that almost drowned the greyhound's shrieks of terror. Finally, the victim broke away, leaving a vanishing gray streak up the street. The aggressor pursued it a few blocks, until the futility of pursuit became evident; then he turned around and trotted back to my side.

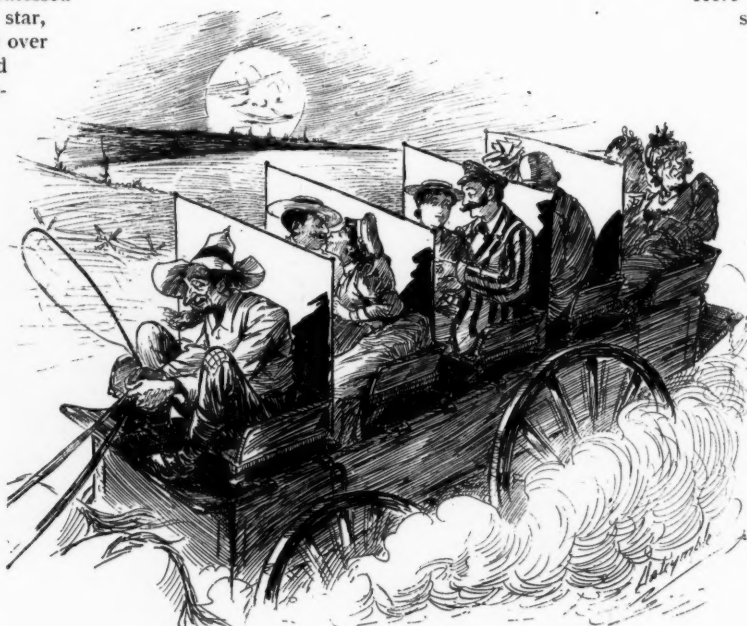
"Well! I thank my lucky dog-star I was n't born a derved greyhound," he panted.

"You seem to have a grudge against that one," I said.

"Grudge! I should think I had! We had a little difficulty the other day, and he gave me the only deadly insult one dog can give another—he called me *human*!"

H. L. Wilson.

A TOWN MEETING—Something Mighty Cool, after the Vacation Cordiality.



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How UNCLE SUMMERBOARD is making a fortune with the old farm-wagon.

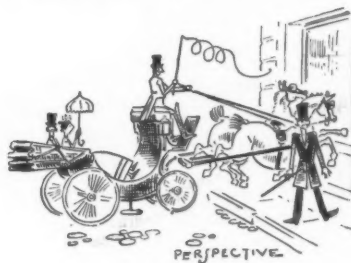
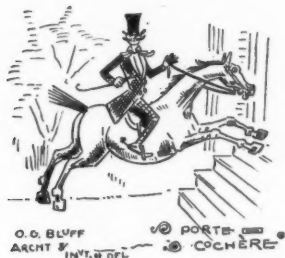
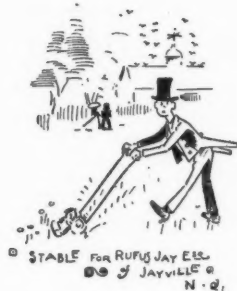


THE ARCHITECT'S MAN.

YOU HAVE read of the African small,
Whom Stanley discovered one year.
You have heard of the Patagons tall,
Whom slave-catching traders all fear;
Then the Icelander, greasy and fat,
And the people who live in Thibet;
The races we can not get at
In Mexican inlands as yet.
You're familiar with heathen Chinese,
And Turks are not new to you now.
You can see all the Indians you please,
And "Bushmen," if you but know how.
But defiance I valiantly fling!
You can't find by Ethnology's laws
The man that I purpose to sing,
Viz.: the man whom the architect draws.

He is seen near the edge of a "plan,"
Made, heaven alone can tell how.
He belongs not to fossilized man,
For he wears clothes, as we wear them now.
He has never of motion a trace;
He appears to be carved out of stone.
He possesses the funniest face,
And he always is standing alone.
Not mentioned in history, you find
Philologists know not his speech.
The earth hoards no trace of his kind,
His past no professor can teach.
So baffled, we gaze, and aghast,
Confess that our knowledge has flaws.
Still we trust, that we may place at last
The man whom the architect draws.

William Barclay Dunham.



A HATED INDIVIDUAL.

PASSENGER (*on suburban train*).—Is that the pay car?
CONDUCTOR.—No. That is the Ninth Assistant Superintendent's car.
PASSENGER.—Why does he travel with armed guards?
CONDUCTOR (*whispering*).—He is the man who changes the time-tables every week.

CLEARLY PUT.

INQUIRER.—As I understand it, you American musicians object to the landing of foreign bands and orchestras, because their music comes in competition with your music.

AMERICAN MUSICIAN.—Yah; das iss recht.

AN EASY VICTIM.

TEMPERANCE WORKER.—And what caused your downfall, my good man?

HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.—It was this stage realism, Mum. I was acting the drunkard in a temperance play, and the manager insisted on my using real whiskey, Mum.

DISCOURAGING.

"This is the first poem I ever wrote," said the maiden, as she untied the pink ribbon and smoothed out the roll.

"Ah!" replied the unfeeling editor, as he went over the lines; "and it is n't much of a poem, either."

AND THERE WAS GLOOM AT THE FEAST.

MR. KNICKERBOCKER (*who is giving a dinner party to LORD HOWLLONG*).—And what do you think of our city?

LORD HOWLLONG.—Well, don't yer know, I should call Chicago the London of America, and New York its Liverpool.

NO HURRY.

MISTRESS.—You know how to make bread, I presume?

NEW GIRL.—No; Mum. No use learnin' such things till after I gets married.



TROUBLE ENOUGH.

THE PARSON'S WIFE.—John, there is a report about the village that the church is going to raise your salary.

THE PARSON.—Raise my salary! Well, I hope they'll do nothing of the kind. I have trouble enough to collect the small salary they pay me now, and if I had to collect a larger one, it would set me crazy.

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once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is

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Professor of Chemistry and Physics, College City of New York.

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Little Rosa's family had just moved to a town some miles away from the old home, and when night came, and her father and mother were busy downstairs, Rosa began to feel sleepy. The bell of the church rang out, for it was prayer-meeting night, and Rosa counted the strokes till she reached sixteen. "Sixteen o'clock!" said Rosa. "Dear me! I was never up so late before."—*Harper's Bazar.*

HARD TO BEAR.

NEW NURSE.—I'm goin' to leave when me week is up, Mum.

MISTRESS.—Dear me! What's the matter?

NEW NURSE.—Please, Mum, your childrens is just gettin' the measles, an' all the other nurses cuts me dead.—*New York Weekly.*

NEWPOP'S BOY.

"My boy is awfully smart," said Newpop. "He's only three years old, but, gracious, how he can count! He counted his blocks the other day up to twenty-five; and by Jove, do you know, when I came to count 'em to see if he was right, they came to exactly seventeen!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

ENOUGH AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

HOTEL CLERK (to GUEST from Arkansas).—Will you want a room with a bath connected, sir?

"No; I reckon not. I won't be in town more than a couple of weeks; and, besides, I took a bath only a few days before I left Little Rock.—*Texas Siftings.*

EVERY man defines cowardice in his own case as discretion.—*Atchison Globe.*

Chambers, the great English dietist, says: "Champagne with the least alcohol is remarkably exhilarating."
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There is something for you to know about varnish—you who enjoy it and suffer from it.

Loss and annoyance come of not knowing how to get it and have it and keep it.

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RURAL DELIGHTS

JINKS.—Boarding in the country now, eh? What do you do with yourself evenings?

WINKS.—Some nights I sit outdoors to keep cool, and other nights I go to bed to keep warm.—*New York Weekly.*

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"I am sorry," returned the sympathetic justice.

"Your witness is beyond the jurisdiction of the court. Five years."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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SWEEPING OUT.

FASHIONABLE WIFE.—Did you notice, dear,
at the party last evening, how grandly our daugh-
ter, Clara, swept into the room.

HUSBAND (with a grunt).—Oh, yes! Clara
can sweep into any room grandly enough; but
when it comes to sweeping out a room she is n't
there.—*Texas Siftings.*

CHUMLEY.—I want to get a present for a
young lady.

CLERK.—Would a nice box of candy suit you?

CHUMLEY.—No; I want something more
lasting.

CLERK.—How would chewing-gum do, then?
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A GIRL will cry with a loud bawling noise until
she is ten years old, when she begins to cultivate
the art of weeping.—*Atchison Globe.*

"GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS," as the miner
said when he was lowered into the pit.—*Yale
Record.*



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THERE are men who always take out their
watches with an air that seems to say they know
the sun is wrong.—*Ram's Horn.*

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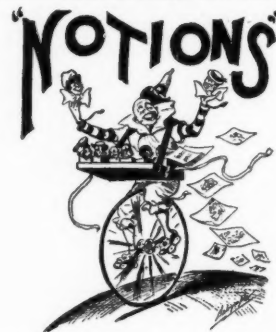
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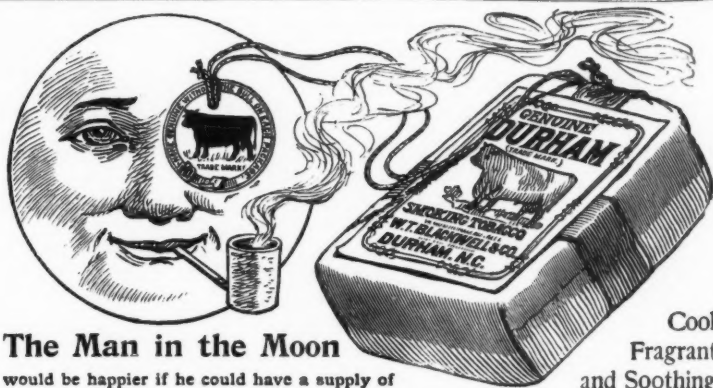
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LANDLORD.—What! going to leave us, Mr. Youngbuck?
GUEST.—Yes; I've been offered free board and cigars by the
opposition hotel—they have n't got a young
man in the house.

As young men get fewer, competition will be livelier.



A suggestion for our young-man-less
Summer hotels—to save young
ladies from having to waltz
with each other.



A double field for missionary work
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If they can't have young men
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I'm sorry to disturb your camping arrangements, sir; but
I've got to get young men up to my place, somehow!

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